Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Miſtris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how abſolute ſhee's in it,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyſe, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: ſoft, heere he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet muſicke this laſt night:
I do proteſt, my eares were neuer better fed
With ſuch delightfull pleaſing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleaſure to commend,
Not my deſert.

King. Sir, you are Muſicks maſter.

Per. The worſt of all her ſchollers (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, ſir?

Per. A moſt vertuous Princeſſe.

King. And ſhee's faire too, is ſhe not?

Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her ſchoole-maſter.

King. She thinkes not ſo; peruſe this writing elſe.

Per. What's heere, a letter, that ſhe loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings ſubtilty to haue my life:
Oh ſeeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger and diſtreſſed gentleman,
That neuer aimde ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor neu
Yet commence, a deed might
Or your diſpleaſure.

King. Traitor, thou lyeſt.

Per. Traitor?

King. I, traitor.

Per. Euen in his throate, vnl
That cals me traitor, I returne

King. Now by the Gods I d

Per. My actions are as nobl
That neuer relliſht of a baſe di
I came vnto your Court for h
And not to be a Rebell to her
And he that otherwiſe account
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's

King. No? here comes my d

Enter Th

Per. Then as you are as vert
Reſolue your angry father, if m
Did ere ſolicite, or my hand ſu
To any ſillable that made loue

Thai. Why ſir, if you had, wh
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea miſtris, are you ſo
I am glad of it with all my hea
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in
Will you, not hauing my conſ
Beſtow your loue and your aff
Vpon a ſtranger? who for oug
May be (nor can I thinke the c
As great in blood as I my ſelfe.
Therefore heare you miſtreſſe,
Your will to mine; and you ſir
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile m
Man and wife; nay, come your
And lips muſt ſeale it too: and

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